

Wm Clayton 1803
ABOUNDING GRACE:

4658. 66. 60.

A

P O E M.

Starting I woke, and found myself undone.

YOUNG.

T A U N T O N :

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ABOUNDING GRACE

P. O. F. M.



T. A. J. O. W.

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T H E

P R E F A C E.

‘T WAS not the little ambition of figuring in the poetical world, that was the cause of bringing the following lines from that obscurity, to which they were ever intended to be consigned. I do not so much as wish to have any claim to the name of *author*. My original design, in throwing these very imperfect thoughts together, was to gratify those worthy and esteemed friends, to whose restless importunity it now owes its more public appearance. — I am well aware, what I am to expect from the different species of readers,

into whose hands this might probably fall. The gay and giddy, no doubt, will find sufficient matter for pun and sneer. They may enjoy their momentary sport by me uninterrupted; for, poorly as I estimate it, I know better the use and value of my time, than to waste it in encountering the insignificant impertinence of those whom I should pity much more than despise. The impious and profane, perhaps, may load it with more opprobrious abuse. But be it remembered, that, as their approbation is unsolicited, so their censure is too much a phantom for my fear. That it should pass uninjured through the critic's fire, is what I despair of. Not even my vanity has ever promised me his approbation. But 'tis hoped, as all pretence to critical merit is disclaimed, its confessed nothingness will restrain his severity; seeing



seeing so inconsiderable a conquest, as he here will obtain; can give him, at best, but a poor ovation. — I expect it, likewise, to be liberally stigmatized, by those who are strangers to the feelings of religion, with the fashionable epithets of rant, enthusiasm, and the like. It might appear so to such; but to me it is different. I am, as much as they may be, an enemy to that chimerical extravagance, that makes a *Bedlam* of the brains of some: But yet would beg leave to say; however the despisers of experimental religion may censure and condemn it, and think it delusion, farce, and fancy; I know, through the riches of the divine grace, that there is a noble, substantial reality in it; an internal, heart-felt, vital, operative influence; which is often attended with such sublime and heavenly pleasures, as those who are

strangers

strangers to it can have no conception of: And if this be enthusiasm, I wish to know more and more of it every day. I would observe then to such, with the pious poet, that

“ On such a theme ’tis impious to be calm. ”

And now I submit it to the compassion and candour of those much-loved friends, whose responding hearts, like rebounding echoes, will answer to every feeling here described; with whom, in yonder happy regions of eternal day, I hope to join the universal and never-ending song. And should it afford but the least matter of support, comfort, or encouragement to the feeblest lamb in my blessed Shepherd’s fold, I shall be more than paid for the little labour it has cost me: And may his eternal name have all the praise; to whom be glory for ever and ever.



To the Author.

GO on, dear youth, expand thy raptur'd soul,
 And stretch to utmost pitch poetic fires;
 In strains melodious let thy numbers roll,

To speak that name, who heav'n with praise
 inspires.

While others dare this heav'n-born art debase,
 And idols worship in its pleasing strains,
 Be thine, to sing the triumphs of that grace,
 Which fills with wonder yon celestial plains.

O sacred science, why polluted thus?

'Tis sin, vile imp, presumptuous thus aspires
 To hide within thy courts its awful curse,
 And on thine altar light unhallow'd fires.

Primeval

Primæval glory to this noble art,

Be thine, my friend, exempl'ry to restore:

Religion, sacred science, themes impart,

*More grand than DAPHNE's love, or wars of
yore.*

In JESUS' love ten thousand glories blaze,

*Which fills each heav'n-born soul with sweet
delight;
For wonders roll on wonders, as we gaze,*

'Till its bright beams o'erpow'r our feeble sight.

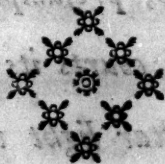
This pleasing theme, to thee of all most dear,

Thou hast begun to lisp, in sacred song:

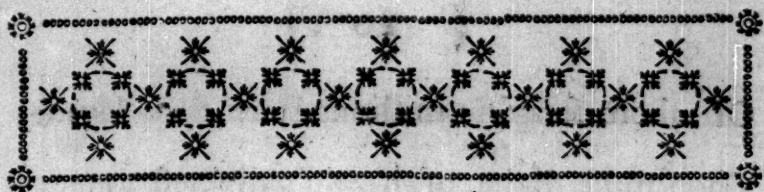
Go on, enchant each mind, and list'ning ear,

With love of him, who fires each seraph's tongue.

W. T.



Abounding



Abounding Grace :

A

P O E M.

AS one, when snatch'd from ruin's op'ning
Back turns his eyes, with wonder over-^{jaws,}
Beholds with trembling joy the danger ^{whelm'd;} 'scap'd;
And blesses the preserving hand, that sav'd:
So I, late rescu'd from the snares of death,
With startled admiration now review
The horrid path too long presumptuous trod;
That grace adore, that from perdition sav'd;
And in these feeble strains its glories sing.
Thee I invoke, celestial source of light,

B

Of

Of whom seraphic millions learn their lays.
 Thou muse divine of heav'n's divinest song,
 With kindling raptures this cold bosom fire,
 And raise my numbers lofty as my theme.

Away, vain pleasures of my vainer hours,
 To whose vile shrine the dastard knee I bent:
 I yield obedience to your reign no more;
 No more your vot'ry, now your pow'r disclaim,
 Abjure allegiance, and again resume
 A noble freedom from your sway tyrannic.
 Happy resumption from a bondage base,
 Where my poor captiv'd soul imprison'd lay,
 In wretched vassalage of sordid sin!
 Proud subjugating passions triumph'd o'er
 My peace, and lorded it supreme;
 And still had lorded it, had not JEHOVAH
 Rended the fetters from my struggling soul,

And

And gave me back to liberty and life.
 On pleasure's flow'ry bank how long I loll'd,
 Nor round the rose beheld the viper twin'd!
 Of danger reckless, safety, comfort, peace!
 To hazard dire expos'd, for one vain sip
 Of sensual joy, where guilt and poison blend!
 To gain a pittance poor of poorer still! —
 Of what? Of pleasure? Vain the name; flagi-
 tious,
 Impious, the pander of my ev'ry sin.
 On that tremendous rock what millions split!
 Where black perdition lurks in blandish'd guise,
 And sings her *Syren* charms, the lure of death,
 More direful far than those *Peloris* knew,
 The dread and terror of *LAERTES'* son! *

B 2

O!

* *ULYSSES*; who, when trembling at the danger he was exposed to from the *Syrens*, that infested the promontory *Peloris*, in *Sicily*, stopped the ears of his companions with wax, and bound himself to the mast of the ship.

HOMER'S ODYSSEY.

O! how my little bark impetuous drove,
 O'er rocks, and shoals, and horrid gulphs, than ^{Scylla,}
 Or *Charybdis*, far more dire, by raging
 Appetites impell'd! tofs'd here and there, as
 Restless passions blew, and heedless of the
 Roar of ambient storms, tho' oft their sport, their
 Pastime! whirl'd from surge to surge of life's
 Wide, ample ocean, unappall'd, and deaf ^{bestorm'd,}
 To peals of thunder bursting o'er my head!
 Onward I urg'd my rapid keel, presumptuous,
 Tho' death's dark eddies swallow'd thousands up,
 Who braver bore the buffets of the waves,
 And sturdier far to steer the helm than me.
 O'er the wild scene grim death triumphant
 With recent slaughters ev'ry hour is stain'd; ^{vaunts;}
 And death-bed groans, and parting knells return,
 With ev'ry morn. I view'd the rueful havock
 Round, yet star'd unmov'd. Tho' round my ears
 the
 Hissing

Hissing darts flew thick, my obdurate heart
 Unpierc'd remain'd; 'till at my side, beneath
 My eye, transfix'd, AMANDA fell. — Alas!
 The young AMANDA, hapless victim, fell,
 In life's gay blossoms, in the hour of bloom;
 When all the springs of life, in vig'rous flow,
 Rose high, and hope, fond hope, had number'd
 On years to come, with joys replete. — How ^{years}
 How greedily our pamper'd hopes on ^{vain,} gross
 Delusions feed! We seek to gather joys,
 Where mis'ry's rankest weeds perpetual grow.
 Sour disappointment ev'ry eve attends,
 And strips to nakedness our beggar'd hopes;
 And yet *to-morrow* plumes them all anew.
 How oft on that vain base of future joys
 Presumptuously we build! How oft we fall!
 Our *Babel* tumbles headlong o'er our heads,
 And, SAMPSON like, that ruin is our own.

Did

Did not AMANDA think *to-morrow* her's?
 She did: New pleasures hid the point it bore.
 She lean'd upon't; but oh! it stabb'd her heart.
 Alas! poor maid! her tomb did not expect her.
 That fatal hour, to poor AMANDA's eyes,
 How far remote! Almost beyond her ken.
 But, oh! the rude invader burst'd wide
 Her guardless doors, when most secure she
 Frown'd fierce and ghastly at the shiv'ring maid;
 Then thro' her vitals hurl'd the fatal shaft.
 She fell, she groan'd, and sigh'd her soul away.
 The parting groan bounds on my heedless ear.
 I started at the sound; ('twas big with death;) ^{seem'd;}
 Around my eye in wild distraction roll'd;
 When, lo! I saw AMANDA gasping lie.
 My heart recoil'd; my shiv'ring blood crept ^{cold;}
 A transient pang shot thro' my iron heart;
 And down my shameless cheek a bashful tear

Ashamed

Ashamed stole, which soon my blushing dry'd.
 The world a moment roll'd unheeded by;
 And down the tasteless bowl of pleasure dropp'd.
 But, ah! how short the good my soul possess'd!
 The tomb receiv'd AMANDA from my sight;
 And, with AMANDA, all my fears: † And to
 My folly back the next gay phantom gave me;
 Of vile, more vile, in deeper guilt immerg'd.

Thou pow'r, whose hand the bolted thunder
 What held thy vengeance from a worm ^{wields,} so vile,
 While thy grim messenger, with vengeful sweep,
 Sends thousands daily to their endless doom?

A

† Though much alarmed, while gazing on the gasping remnant of poor AMANDA; yet these impressions were exceeding transient. They vanished like the morning cloud, and the early dew. For, when my eyes no longer beheld the piercing sight, my memory resigned her remembrance also.

A doom — Tremendous thought! — of what?
 Horror
 Turns blacker at the view. An horrible
 Gradation, down, from step to step of deep'ning
 Mis'ry, they descend. Eternity, the
 Last from woe to woe, adown the dreary
 Dungeon as they sink, rings loud the knell of
 Hope departed, never more to come; while
 Conscience, with her thousand scorpions, arm'd
 with
 Keen reproach, with dire erosion, fierce their
 Vitals gnaws; torments more sharp, acuter
 Anguish far, than stories fable of DEUCALION'S
 Sire, ‡ whose ceaseless groans *Caucasus* loud re-
 sounds.
 How dire a doom! and, O! how surely mine,
 Had justice claim'd her own! For oft to strike,
 Alas! the arm of vengeance I provok'd.
 But vengeance slept; the ling'ring wrath was
 slow :
 Victorious grace had triumph'd o'er its frown.

‡ The story of PROMETHEUS.

O thou celestial parent of my hope,
 On whom my comfort builds her stable base;
 Whom heaven's first-born hapless sons ne'er
 The brightest cherub of yon flaming throng,
 Whose loud hofannas rend the starry arch,
 No strains can utter equal to thy praise.
 The loudest burst of heav'n's exulting throng
 Is faint and languid, to the praise I owe.
 Ye owe to love; but mine to grace is due;
 But, oh! the debt immense can never pay,
 Nor equal love for love, like you, return.
 O! can ye know, ye never-clouded stars,
 The dismal gloom of sin's benighted slaves,
 Where ten-fold darkness universal reigns;
 Or feel the raptures of the glowing soul,
 That's snatch'd from hell to heav'n's refulgent
 Can ye, first form'd in perfect happiness,
 And ever quaffing from the fount of bliss,

Conceive the burning transports of the ransom'd
 Saint, from mis'ry's deepest dungeon rapt to
 Endless joy; of guilt the pond'rous load re-
 And death-doom'd souls to more than life re-
 mov'd;
 stor'd?

Here then, my song, to matchless grace begin;
 Whose end not ev'n eternity shall know.

From nature's wreck, where my eternal all
 Among the ruins lay, itself in ruins
 Sad, of mortal aid beyond the power;
 And, o'er perdition's gulph, a feeble thread
 Suspended by; thy pitying hand held forth
 The profer'd aid, unwoo'd, unsought by me;
 And sav'd my sinking portion from the wreck.
 Amazing mercy to a wretch so vile;
 Whose ev'ry moment teem'd with countless
 And wrath eternal ev'ry sin had earn'd!
 crimes,

What

What a dread picture to my startled view
 Remorse pourtray'd, (where countless hours in
 Affaffinated groan'd,) when, shiv'ring o'er ^{death}
 AMANDA's fate, th' obdurate tear insulting
 Smote her pallid corse! But now no more
 Image on my fancy dwelt terrific. ^{AMANDA'S}
 Grim death had sheath'd again the murd'ring
 And hid his ghastly visage from my eye. ^{point,}
 Another victim, to his arm devoted,
 From my sight had call'd him. The distant toll
 Affail'd my ear in vain: For now my hopes,
 High flush'd and florid, spread their wanton sails,
 And launch'd again into the roaring tide
 Of sensual joy; tho' ev'ry day new wrecks
 The baleful ocean strew'd, and warn'd me to
 Return. How did they roam o'er long, long years
 Of pleasures yet in store, by sharp reflection's
 Poignant spear unstung! building airy domes

On fond longevity's presumptuous base!
 How dwindled my mortality away!
 Health, youth, and strength, heav'n's prostituted
 Turn'd sycophants to my deluded soul, ^{good,}
 And told me, death's proud arm to *me* was im-
 potent.
 Gay *twenty* laugh'd at his dread spear, and
 His never-conquer'd pow'r. But yet a transient
 Mirth, with sad reprisal, paid: For oft, when,
 Rang'd in proud array, the gay battalions
 Of my future joys were travers'd o'er by
 My proud boastful eye, a gloomy thought,
 From the tomb, with woeful cypress crowned, ^{emerging}
 Like a noxious blast, that spreads its blighting
 Influence o'er the vernal bloom, pervaded
 The gay files; snatch'd the false plumage from
 Gaudy joys; and left a bleeding track of ^{my}
 Murder'd vanities, whom fond enjoyment
 Never grasp'd. — Thus often terror scar'd me,
 And

And made a moment's depredation on
 My hopes. The dastards knew reflection was
 Their bane, and sneak'd before her frown: Yet,
 As darting meteors thro' autumnal skies, ^{swift}
 Again the fugitive would disappear.
 So smother'd flames, by liquid pow'r repell'd,
 O'erwhelm'd, extinguish'd, seem expir'd.
 Awhile the dwindling embers sleeping lie;
 Until anon, rekindling, forth they burst,
 And rage more fierce, and more impetuous burn.

Thus beat from side to side, in folly's maze;
 Grasping at pleasures; mock'd at ev'ry grasp:
 Desires perpetual raging; disappointment
 All their food: Now down the steep of vice, with
 Swift career, like Sol's proud frantic son, the
 Slacken'd rein pursuing; and now, like Nile's
 Presumptuous king, my giddy car unwheel'd,

And

And all my hoſts of joys abſorb'd and whelm'd,
 In deep reflection loſt. Pamper'd and proud,
 With ev'ry falſe endearment deck'd, now plea-
 ſures
 Flirted in my ſight, and woo'd to their embrace:
 Poſſeſs'd, their magic beauties diſappear'd,
 And vaniſh'd into air. A ghafly group
 Of haggard ſprights ſtart from the gaudy masks,
 Laugh at my hopes, and hiſs my folly, as
 They fly. So oft the female vot'ries of
 The *Paphian* queen, when ſhrivel'd age creeps
 O'er their fading charms, amid proud pleaſure's
 Train, in painted beauty ſhine deluſive;
 'Till riot ſteals th' evanid bluſh, and leaves
 The pallid hags deteſted and deform'd.

O! the vile drudgery of SATAN's ſlaves!
 What toil, what ardour deathleſs ſouls exert,
 To drink eternal diſappointment's dregs,

And

And be the butt of her insulting sport!

How was I whirl'd, from day to day, on gay
 Delusion's fickle wheel; while from her seat
 My torpid reason agile passions scourg'd!
 Tho' oft, when rous'd by disappointed hope's
 Rebuke, my *Morphean* heav'n's illusive charms
 Expir'd; with erubescant cheek, from virtue's
 Path, in aberration wild, my giddy
 Foot I found. Again the monitor within
 My breast, (tho' oft insulted with repulse,)
 With ardent invocation, woo'd me to
 Return. My wishful eyes turn'd back, and view'd
 The paths of virtue, ever blooming fair;
 Where endless sun-shine blest the tranquil scene,
 And stable joys, eternal springing, grew.
 Religion shew'd her never-fading charms,
 And points to heav'n, the seat of bateless bliss;
 Where

Where everlasting sweets unwith'ring bloom,
To which my gay *Elysian* dreams a wild
And desolated wilderness appear'd.

The path she pointed to the gates of light;
A path *uncrowded* and *unthrong'd*. Alas!
How few were posting to the happy fields;
Where bliss arises in ten thousand springs;
And weary pilgrims find eternal rest!

O! how I panted for the peaceful shore!
A moment, rapt on contemplation's wing,
(Tho' treach'rous foon, like poor ICARUS',
Half of my wishes grasp'd at heav'n's bright ^{prov'd,} bright
The other sunk, and grovel'd in the dust. ^{gems;}
Intent, with *ardour*, to pursue the track,
That leads to heav'n's bright, blooming, blissful ^{fields;} fields;
Yet fure, my gloomy, lonely step to cheer,
'Thro' sad religion's *unfrequented* path,

One

One sip of pleasure's bowl may be allow'd:
 Or haply, *cloy'd* by earth's insipid trash,
 To-morrow, or to-morrow's morrow, I'd
 Return, and give devotion *all* her due,
 Thus I resolv'd. —

Ambition saw my partial bosom's choice,
 Stepp'd forth, and blew her trumpet in my ear,
 And shook her baubles in my dazzled eye.
 I turn'd obedient to the pompous call,
 And view'd the trappings of her sumptuous
 In high-plum'd pageantry sublimely gay. ^{train,}
 No more of heav'n: I left the gloomy path,
 And yielded to ambition all my heart.

My rural pastimes now no pow'r could boast
 To glad or cheer; nor darling, fav'rite haunt
 Of grove or vale, where oft (tho' folly was

D

My

My theme) the muse has led my wand'ring feet.
 But now from murm'ring *Tone's* translucent
 And flow'ry banks, my haughty step I turn'd ^{streams,}
 T'wards silver *Thames*, 'midst gilded turrets roll-
 ing;
 And in an un auspicious hour arriv'd.

Here denudated vice triumphant reigns,
 The lordly sov'reign of *Augusta's* walls.
 Here nugatory crouds, to folly's dulcet
 Voice, in heedless clamour, dance disportful
 Antics, on the gloomy verge of time's remotest
 Hour; nor mark'd the groaning shoals, that dis-
 Hurl'd o'er death's pale battlements, to dreary ^{fipation}
 Shades of ever-dark'ning gloom, where joy,
 Pastime ever cease to be. Here hoary ^{sport,}
 Babes blind revels keep, in death's dim outlet;
 Mistake their setting for their rising sun;
 Dance, in their shrouds, around their op'ning
 graves;
 And

And with their cradle-baubles grace their tombs.
 Here wretched souls, in pleasure's borrow'd garb,
 And tinsel'd foppery, strut their little day;
 Parade and bluster, in a splendid plume;
 Yet miserable, naked, blind, and poor;
 Life all the rampart from extremest woe,
 Whose firmest base the feeblest strife defies.
 A thousand follies, in a thousand forms,
 With ceaseless toil here gameful mortals chase;
 Yet phantom joys elude their fleetest speed,
 And mock their ardour, with reproach and scorn.

Here cringing meanness stoops to servile arts;
 And bouncing pride and pomp vocif'rous bawl.
 Here proud *Voluptas* * rears her filken throne.
 Tho' round her shrine immortal victims bleed,
 And devastation ever marks her sway:

D 2

Yet

* Pleasure.

Yet votive crouds still pay their vile devoirs;
 Perdition's foul deformities embrace;
 And woo the *Gorgon*, in her blackest frowns.

Alas! where human dignity is sunk!
 What wretched caskets of immortal gems,
 The hapless men to fordid sense a prey;
 Who spurn, who trample on eternal hopes,
 As immortality were not their claim!

Here the gay, flutt'ring beings of a day,
 Ne'er taught to soar beyond life's scanty bounds,
 Their wingless hopes, like mine, by sense un-
 fledg'd,
 Dar'd never to explore the viewless realms,
 Beyond the lunar and the solar spheres;
 Or downward, thro' the tomb's dark antre, to
 The realms of dole, e'er turn'd th' affrighted eye.
 Tremendous! ghastly! bane to ev'ry joy!

Chimeras

Chimeras all; their utmost scorn extort.
 Grim death's a phantom, and the grave a dream.
 A dream, to sporters gay, portentive oft
 Of fate severe, which dastard fears pourtray,
 When vigil conscience, in an hour unwatch'd,
 Thrills thro' † the else invulnerable heart;
 Sad prelibation of a sadder doom!
 Unthrones their joys, their funny blifs obscures,
 Tho' deem'd invincible, now feeble prov'd,
 The yielding vassals of reflection's breath.

My rolling eye the mimic joy survey'd,
 That shone deceitful from each beggar'd face,
 And

† However brave the champions of vice may seem, while amidst the *Bacchanalian* revel, or in the guilty recesses of the bagnio; however they may call death a bug-bear, and hell a dream; yet I am persuaded, that there are some intervals of reflection to the most abandoned, when heaven an hell, death and judgment, break in upon their trembling souls, and give them at least a moment's anxiety.

And more than beggar'd the penurious heart;
 Survey'd with pleasure; long'd to join the train.
 My bounding heart impell'd my willing feet:
 I rush'd impetuous 'midst the thoughtless crew,
 To seek an airy gem I never found.

At ev'ry flatt'ring form I fondly grasp'd;
 But ev'ry flatt'ring form eludes my grasp.
 Each coming hour the barren past reprov'd;
 And all was phantasy, delusion all.
 Quaff'd deep and eager of the guilty bowl;
 And now, inebriate, reel'd from vice to vice,
 Where passion prompted, or where lust impell'd;
 For ever deaf to reason's potent voice,
 Who urg'd in vain her slighted suit disdain'd,
 'Till, with reiterated scorn repuls'd,
 Th' insulted pow'r abandon'd my poor heart.

Alas!

Alas! how low in misery now I sunk!

No shatter'd bark by roaring tempests toff'd,
That reels and staggers o'er the foaming deep,
When pitchy clouds o'ercast the guiding pole,
To swifter ruin blindlier drove than me.

I waded thro' the deepest plunge of vice,
My poor immortal smear'd with foulest stains;
Dimm'd heav'n's bright lamp in hell's infernal
And mark'd with horror ev'ry guilty hour.^{shades;}

And where, where had I sunk, my choice pur-
From heav'n's blest day a wretched outcast,^{su'd?}
To nether shades of *Stygian*, total gloom;^{hurl'd}
With deeper stains, and blacker guilt, defil'd,
Than hell's eternal furnace e'er had purg'd.

What ocean's stores could wash this filthy
Alas! these orbs ten thousand seas would weep^{soul?}
In vain. None, none, but those blest streams,
that from
The

The vitals flow'd of *Calv'ry's* bleeding GOD,
 A fin-polluted, guilty wretch can cleanse,
 And save him from the burning bolts of wrath.

What hope, but this, could prop my sinking
 When back my wounded eyes return on those ^{soul,}
 Black hours of guilty vanity elaps'd?
 How grim their aspect! Cloath'd with horror
 all!
 MEDUSA's scorpions here were smiling charms.
 How deep the daggers stab, at ev'ry view!
 A thousand too their number, sharp and keen,
 That rive, with havock drear, my bleeding peace!
 Tremendous retrospect! dark, horrible,
 And dire! — How hideously the spectres yell!
 Pale, ghastly terror binds their livid brows;
 And ev'ry frown thrills horror thro' my heart.
 See, see, my soul, the fruit of fin's gay bloom;
 And from its boasted pleasures gather gall.

How

How fair the blossoms of the wormwood
 I pluck'd of joy and peace the bitter bane;
 And on my taste how nauseous still they hang!

Shame, grief, and anguish mark my burning
 To trace again those vile flagitious scenes,
 When, reprobated quite by all remorse,
 Her pointless poniard stabb'd in vain, and for
 My faith too feeble found her strongest plea.

O ye curst avenues to death and woe,
 Your direful steep how far I ventur'd down!
 My fellow-trav'lers in the guilty road
 Return'd no more; but in the dungeon plung'd.

Poor LUCIAS, § take the tribute of a tear.

E

Could

§ LUCIAS was my inseparable companion, in almost
 every guilty step I trod, on this stage of abomination.
 But,

Could tears restore thee, all my store were thine.

Hapless youth! The dark abyſs thou haſt ex-
plor'd;
But thought thy fate can never dare to view.

O'erwhelming thought! And thine why not my
own?
Unfathom'd love! diſcriminating grace!

In wonder 'wilder'd, all my ſoul is loſt.

His choice was mine, in folly's wildeſt ſtarts.

How oft our feet, with crim'nous ardour, trod
Thoſe domes ‡ of vice, with vot'ries ever
throng'd,
Where

But, ſoon after I left *London*, LUCIAS fell a victim to the ravages of a devouring conſumption. His emaciated body became the prey of worms, and his naked ſoul launched into eternity, to appear before his tremendous Judge. How unfathomable the love! LUCIAS is cut off, but I am ſpared; though, as to deſert, both upon equal terms. Never let my heart ceaſe to adore it; never let my tongue ceaſe to magnify it; never let my ſongs forbear to praiſe it.

‡ It might, perhaps, by the lovers of theatrical entertainments, be thought, that the following lines look
with

Where mimic sorrow whines her unfelt woes,
And empty plaudits shake the laughing scenes!

Here are the tombs of countless moments
slain.
With impious hands, what thousands I interr'd!
Their injur'd manes haunt my comfort still.

E 2 Detested

with an unfavourable aspect on the stage. It is granted. But be it remembered, that whatsoever has been injurious to me, I have a right to condemn. The rock, that has endangered my safety, will it not look like benevolence, or is it not at least my duty, to admonish others to avoid? The effects, that it has had on me, are such as are above described. I have tasted the venom, and felt its noxious influence. Therefore it is not that I have been nursed in prejudices against it; for I once possessed an immoderate desire for its pleasures, which I indulged even to excess; and my highest ambition was, to have devoted to its service all that I possessed. But, through the riches of divine grace, what in this respect I counted gain, I now account but loss, for CHRIST: And I now see it, that (however it might be pretended to mend the morals, and refine the taste,) that is calculated to deprave the one, and vitiate the other; and (in whatever fair and alluring blandishments it might be disguised) to lead immortal souls, through flowery and downy paths, to everlasting destruction.

Detested scene! the foulest nest of vice!

Here wretches learn perdition's nearest road:

Here taught of villainy the various wiles;

Self-slaughter, rapine, murder, and debauch;

And all th' infernal spawn hell's womb emits,

To spread contagion o'er corrupted hearts,

And to the vicious blandish ev'ry vice.

Here smiling ruin spews her blackest bane.

I drank the poison; thirsted, while I drank;

And ev'ry potion edg'd my strong desire:

And now infatiate grew. The venom o'er

My soul diffus'd. I long'd for ruin; panted

For perdition. Each hour, each blessed hour,

Could ravish from the scanty few by heav'n

Allow'd, on this infernal altar flam'd;

And all those pow'rs benignant heav'n bestow'd,

(Tho' small their total, his free bounty gave,)

With impious zeal, I offer'd to this shrine.

All-pitying

All-pitying heav'n beheld my wretched plight,
 How prodigal I lavish'd all his gifts;
 Dragg'd me reluctant from the shocking scene,
 With sighing heart to leave this land of ruin.
 With eyes reflexed, like the hapless dame
 On *Sodom's* sulph'rous plains, my heart recanted,
 While my feet obey'd, and bid me back return.

And now again, amid the rural seat
 Of sylvan pleasures, in the woods and groves,
 The novel pastimes of the rustic scene
 My drooping heart recheer'd; and oft I rovd,
 Where cogitation led my fullen step,
 To seek the muse amid the ev'ning shade,
 When weeping clouds distil the rorid show'rs,
 And *Philomela* cheers the russet hour,
 With warbled raptures to the midnight gloom.

Here

Here still th' illusive bubble * I pursu'd,
 And found my toil with disappointment paid;
 The restless longings of my panting soul
 On nought, but shadowy vanity, to feed:
 Tho', fighting, oft amid the frantic chase
 I paus'd, and to my misery dropp'd th' involun-
 tary
 Tear; how justly due, alas! I now behold.

Such was the season, when MERCENUS fell.
 Tremendous fight! Unchill'd with horror, who
 Can now review? Wretched, poor MERCENUS!
 Thy soul's immortal. I deplore thy fall;
 For, oh! how dim thy setting sun declin'd!
 Unenvy'd exit from a boist'rous scene!
 I saw the ghastly king behind thee creep;
 Wrest from thy grasping hand thy much-lov'd
 earth;
 String the dire bow, and aim the fatal shaft,
 Which,

* Pleasure.

Which, ere thy eye beheld, thy heart's blood
 How deep the groan, that shook thy tott'ring ^{felt.}
 While in black terror swam thy dizzy eye, ^{frame,}
 And dark eternity before thee yawn'd!
 How vast a voyage, and no pilot near!
 The coast unknown, and perilous the sea;
 And, oh! a shatter'd bark, to brave the storm,
 And bear the buffets of the shoreless tide!
 How poor a voyäger MERCENUS too!
 His utmost wealth a few vile, filthy rags!
 To pass life's little track, how great his store,
 And hard-earn'd wealth, with toiling hand ac-
 But, oh! MERCENUS for eternity ^{quir'd!}
 Unprovident had been. Aweful survey!
 O'er the vast deep the sad immortal gaz'd:
 The roaring waves beat back: Impatient death
 Impell'd; but soon, too potent found, prevail'd.
 The bursting cords of feeble life gave way:

Rapid,

Rapid, MERCENUS drove amid the gulph:
 And, O! on ruin may he not be wreck'd!

What heart unmov'd the shocking scene could
 view?
 A bleeding victim, torn from ev'ry hope;
 In direful grapple with resistless pow'r;
 And weeping o'er a disappearing world,
 Where all his riches dwelt, his own no more!
 Cold, chilly horror damp'd my soul. I wept,
 And after poor MERCENUS sent a sigh;
 O'er the black ocean ey'd his tott'ring bark;
 But cloud and storm the gloomy coast involv'd.
 I turn'd my eye, nor on it dar'd to gaze;
 When loud the thund'ring peal my ear assail'd.
 "No immortality hast *thou* to boast:
 "The coast MERCENUS steers is surely thine."
 How dark a midnight o'er my prospects hung!
 The solemn truth my conscious heart confess'd.

I read my own in sad MERCENUS' fate,
And trembled at the view so scorn'd before.

The moments now, erewhile so gayly boon,
In heavy languor unenjoy'd recede;
And ev'ry sip of earth more tasteless grew.

Thus awful preach'd MERCENUS' parting
knell;
But, when to silence hush'd, it charm'd no more.

I sigh'd no more for him so late my woe;

But, with his corse, his mem'ry too interr'd.

Remorse in vain my stubborn heart assail'd:

From ev'ry scourge unchang'd it still remain'd.

I wander'd yet in ruin's ample road,

By passion govern'd, and by lust enslav'd,

'Till that blest hour, * whose dear remembrance
blest
F Is

* The evening of Sunday the 7th of November; when
I

Is still a balm to my desponding soul.

EUSEBIUS' † tongue the dullest ear might
 And rouse the sluggard from the sleep of death.

His glowing heart what zeal, what ardour
 To spread around his gracious LORD's do-
 And from perdition win immortal souls!

To that blest place, by heav'n's direction sent,
 Where oft EUSEBIUS, from the sacred tome,
 Proclaims salvation to apostate man,
 I went, by empty speculation urg'd,
 To feed my pride, or fill a vacant hour,
 In scornful cavil on the preacher's word.
 Heav'n guided from his hand the pointed shaft,

That

I heard that sermon, which I trust was the means, that
 infinite love had appointed, to bring back my prodigal
 feet from destruction. PSALM iv. 4.

† The Rev. Mr. D—; who I trust was my fa-
 ther in CHRIST.

That with conviction pierc'd my iron heart;
 Rung the loud larum in my stupid ear;
 And to my mis'ry turn'd my startled eye.
 Ghastly prospect! Too well I now beheld
 The shocking sight, before so oft disdain'd;
 Myself a poor, lost wretch, condemn'd, accurst,
 The righteous mark of heav'n's vindictive wrath;
 And all of mis'ry, that a hell inflicts,
 Uncontroverted now my just desert.

What troops of crimes, in scorpion fury arm'd,
 With anguish keen, my wounded heart transfix;
 And thousands swell, at ev'ry view, the sum!
 No hour in all my wretched life elaps'd,
 With sin unblended, or with guilt unstain'd.
 The debt of ev'ry breach of heav'n's pure law,
 I saw the wealth of worlds too poor to pay.
 While loud the thund'ring peals of *Sinai* roar,

O'erwhelming vengeance to apostate man,
 To her insulted rights a tribute due;
 Dire extremity! for safety, shelter,
 Refuge, whither could I flee? On this side,
 Just heav'n, in terrors, pour'd its fiery wrath. —
 A GOD incens'd! a violated LAW!
 Tremendous! Angels sunk beneath the shock.
 On that, no lying plea t' evade the charge.
 My heart, black chronicle of ev'ry sin,
 With accusation loud, myself condemn'd.
 Ruin yawn'd around. — Where to fix; or what
 Recourse? On this, or that, 'tis equal woe.
 To fly heav'n's frown, how vain the hope!
 Nor earth, nor hell, a shelter could afford.
 To still the clamours of provok'd remorse,
 Were burd'ning still with heavier guilt my doom.
 Beside, 'twere vain: Arouf'd, it furious rag'd;
 And all the charms of sense assay'd in vain

To

To still its clamours, or its pow'r to curb.

To all, but comfort, now I fell a prey.

Grief, horror, anguish, horrid group!

Pour'd all their rage on my defenceless head.

Despair, at distance, shook his snaky scourge,

And frown'd, with gloomy menace, at me too:

And, oh! unpropp'd by mercy's pitying hand,

An hopeless victim to his pow'r I'd sunk.

What could it less; a rebel, guilty wretch,

Arraign'd at heav'n's dread bar, and self-accus'd;

Th' impartial witness heav'n's impartial judge,

Whose all-encircling, all-pervading eye,

At one stupendous and unerring view,

Beholds the long black list of all my sins?

From grief to grief, in sorrow's black abyss,

My soul descended to increasing woe;

Unblest, unvisited of saving hope;

Save,

Save, now and then, a feeble, glimm'ring ray,
 Darted (by heav'n transmitted) thro' the gloom.
 In gushing streams my grief incessant pour'd.
 The briny torrent delug'd o'er my cheek.
 I wail'd my misery, wail'd my hapless fate,
 In lamentations bitter as my woe.

LUCINDA * saw my perturbed breast;
 And gaz'd with wonder on my tearful eye.
 Her heart exulted, in the blessed hour;
 An hour responsive to her ardent pray'rs.

Long had we each the filken chain embrac'd;
 And heart with heart, and soul with soul con-
 Eternal love, with votive fetters bound,^{join'd.}
 Had link'd the fast, indissoluble tye;

Tho'

* Since my wife; who was instrumental, in this season of distress, in affording me much comfort and direction.

Tho' envy often, with malignant aim,
 Had strew'd the downy hours with rugged thorns,
 And meanly tore us from each other's arms,
 Like kindred streams by some rude rock dis-
 And soon, like them, with ardour re-embrace^{join'd;}d.

LUCINDA's heart had felt the quick'ning^{pow'r}
 Of heav'n's resistless, renovating grace.
 A pious parent, now in bliss secure,
 Had charg'd LUCINDA to pursue the way.
 Heav'n bless'd the means to rouse her sleepy soul,
 As from this land of sin the matron flew,
 And upward turn'd her dust-enamour'd eye.

How oft her anxious bosom sigh'd to see
 In ruin's paths my feet incautious tread!
 Oft heav'n for me invok'd with fervent cries,
 And now with transport view'd the unhop'd
 hour!
 O'er

O'er my sad tale with glad attention hung,
 And pour'd the balm into my wounded soul!
 Shew'd the bright path, that heav'n had pointed
 And bid me there alone implore relief! ^{her,}
 Heav'n, only heav'n can heal the wound he
 I snatch'd a moment's comfort from her tongue, ^{gave.}
 And glimpf'd a faint, dim ray of distant hope;
 Which swift elop'd, amid the solemn hour,
 When deathly night entombs the world in
 In vain my stubborn knee assay'd to bend, ^{shades.}
 Before provok'd, offended heav'n's dread throne:
 Terror the awful place encircled round,
 And stood a rampart to my trembling foot.
 I dar'd not upward lift my weeping eyes,
 Lest mocking insult should my guilt increase:
 But down, with grief furcharg'd, reclin'd my
 And drench'd my pillow with the briny flood; ^{head,}
 Sorrow'd and sigh'd the gloomy hours away,
 'Till

'Till sleep at last my tumid eye-lids clos'd.

Returning morn returning griefs renew'd.

I wak'd, but wak'd to sorrows, how severe!

With heavy heart, my streaming couch forsook;

And strove again to lift my thoughts to heav'n:

But steely yet my hard, obdurate heart,

And cold and frigid as *Siberian* snow;

'Till heav'n, in pity, fann'd the dying spark,

And taught my palsy'd lips their first devoir.

I lis'd the first faint tribute of my tongue,

Or sigh'd, in naked groans, my soul's desire.

Heav'n listen'd to the cries he first inspir'd;

And, *that* bestow'd, he bid me first implore.

Now, eas'd of half its load, my doubtful soul,

In strains half-utter'd, pour'd the languid praise:

But cloud and darkness still my path involv'd,

G

And

And all uncertain, all precarious made.
 No bleeding SAVIOUR yet display'd his
 And shew'd that blood, that could my debt ^{wounds,}
 discharge.
 I fought no better robe to hide my shame,
 Than those vile rags I patch'd from day to day,
 With sin all tarnish'd, and with guilt defil'd.
 For now, alas! I felt the fatal bane
 Of that foul fount, that first in *Eden* rose,
 Primeval source of all my guilt and woe;
 Which flows, with emanation black, from heart
 Thro' all th' innumerable hapless race. ^{to heart,}
 O'er all my soul its venom'd pow'r extended;
 And ev'ry thought, that from my heart emerg'd,
 Rose foul and filthy from its pois'nous streams.

I wept and pray'd, and pray'd and wept again;
 And lean'd for safety on the feeble prop.
 But, oh! my tott'ring hopes no basis found:

Delusive

Delusive oft the feeble succour prov'd,
 And warn'd me not for comfort there to build.
 At length, when ev'ry sinking refuge fail'd,
 Like day's bright monarch issuing from a cloud,
 The SUN of righteousness, with beams benign,
 And balm and healing on his shelt'ring wings,
 All radiant rose on my benighted soul,
 And chaf'd my gloom, and bid my sorrows fly.
 A bleeding SAVIOUR now, on *Calv'ry's* steep,
 My ravish'd eyes, with weeping transport,
 With human guilt (a pond'rous load) ^{view'd;} sur-
^{charg'd;} paying with one blest deed the debt immense,
 That myriads purchas'd from eternal woe;
 And utt'ring, with triumphant voice, " 'Tis
 FINISH'D. " ^{FINISH'D.}
 FINISH'D to heav'n's pure law *obedience* due;
 That *righteousness*, my naked soul to cloath,
 To shield and save from wrath's severest shock;
 And FINISH'D *that*, which bought my soul from
 hell.

I gaz'd astonish'd on the wond'rous sight;
But dar'd not yet but trembling stand aloof:
When soft the heav'nly music charm'd my ear.
" Approach, ye undeserving, empty souls;
" By you unpurchas'd, drink the living streams;
" And from a SAVIOUR free salvation take."
With joy, with transport, I his feet embrac'd,
And life from other hands, but his, disclaim'd;
My soul, my all unto his care consign'd,
And on his *merits* built for endless joy.

With exultation, now my bounding heart
Sung grace triumphant o'er abounding sin.
Peace, joy, and rapture now a moment blaz'd,
And heav'nly radiance o'er my soul diffus'd;
How soon, alas! with gloom and cloud be-
dimm'd!
I gaz'd around; but sigh'd, at ev'ry view:
And grief, 'till now unknown, transfix'd my
breast.
From

From death redeem'd, my rescu'd soul I sung;
 But mourn'd, in SATAN's chains, my hapless
 friends;
 My hapless friends, the sad co-partners of
 My sin, in tenfold darkness bound secure;
 Secure of danger, o'er a burning sea,
 Whose waves, loud roaring, threaten'd to o'er-
 overwhelm
 In that abyfs, where uncontroul'd despair,
 And dole ineffable eternal reign.

'Twas grief, sharp grief, to all, but me, un-
 known,
 To burst those ties, tho' sin had knit the bands,
 And leave the fellows of my guilty hours,
 In love with death, and zealous for perdition.
 Soft, sympathetic pity pierc'd my heart;
 But all my pity back, with scorn, return'd.

But MYRON ‡ chief, above the rest, I wail'd;

MYRON,

‡ MYRON was the companion and intimate of my ear-
 liest

MYRON, the partner of my infant days,
 And partner too in folly's vicious road.
 Unhappy youth! Like me, had reckless rang'd,
 From sin to sin, and scorn'd the dire result.
 Tho' oft reprov'd, his neck was stubborn still;
 Stubborn to good, tho' tractable to ill:
 Of ev'ry vice the vassal'd vot'ry sworn,

And

liest days. Though soon, by the disposing hand of providence, separated from each other; we wandered in the same guilty maze of vanity and folly. We returned into the country soon after each other; and were still the abettors of one another's sins. But, O! how unexampled the grace! Within the compass of one month, we were fast bound in the bonds of iniquity, and linked in the indissoluble bonds of the gospel. Nearly at the same time, in the same place, and by the instrumentality of the same minister, we hope we were made the monuments of distinguishing grace. How astonishing the love! We, whose feet, with voluntary speed, were treading the paths of destruction, and might have been miserable companions in unutterable torments, and never-ending despair, hope now, through infinite compassion, and everlasting, unchangeable love, to embrace in yonder celestial habitation of bliss and glory, and join in the eternal ascriptions of salvation to our GOD, which sitteth upon the throne, and to the LAMB, for ever and ever.

And those careſſing, that his death conſpir'd.

Grief's pungent poniard ſtabb'd my aching
heart.

O'er MYRON's hapleſs ſtate I dropp'd a tear:

But, O! above my hope, my fondeſt hope,

MYRON deplor'd a ruin'd nature too.

Heav'n pierc'd his heart, and heal'd the wound

With blood effuſing from a SAVIOUR's
he gave,
wounds.

Unequal'd love! The grace how wond'rous
ſtrange!

To ſnatch from ruin two in ruin leagu'd;

Make SATAN's champions monuments of
grace;

And link once friends in ſin in goſpel-bonds!

'Twas joy ſupreme, the bud of heav'nly bliſs,

That friendſhip to renew, that tott'ring ſeem'd,

And permanent as everlaſting made.

Time's gilded baubles now no more could

To all its toys we turn'd the ſcornful eye,
pleaſe :

'Twas

'Twas heav'n had call'd, and made our hearts
 And heav'n, with fervent speed, we now pursu'd;
 Of hissing crouds unheedful, scoffing round,
 Who scorn'd our ardour, and our choice con-
 Their strife (as empty as the senseless bark,
 That swells the clamour of the canine tribe,)
 Serv'd only to impel our tardy feet,
 When drooping languor chill'd our freezing
 souls.

How new, how strange now all things round
 The favour'd souls, before our scorn, our hate,
 Were now confess'd the gems of glory's King;
 Admir'd, caress'd, as sons of noblest birth,
 Whose fire the GOD, whose hope the Joys of
 heav'n.
 With these, how blest the happy moments slid,
 Oft squander'd erst, in dissipation drown'd!
 Estrang'd 'till *now* to real joys, here found;
 Found only here, where JESUS is the theme.

And,

And, O! be that blest theme my endless song,
 My song eternal, 'mid yon shouting throng,
 When crumbling worlds to dust and atoms fall,
 And time's revolving orb shall roll no more.

Where, on this, or that side, shall I turn;
 By blazing wonders all encircled round;
 Myself a wonder 'midst the wond'rous chain?
 The horrid precipice, on which I stood,
 How direful and tremendous now to view!
 Yet once my joy to wanton on its brink.
 Now view'd, pale horror smites my aching orbs;
 Tho' from its horrors 'scap'd, terrific still:
 By heav'nly pity's intervention sav'd;
 And sav'd, when sinking; sav'd from ruin's
 Sav'd too, when spurning at the hand divine.^{gulf;}
 Compassion wonderful! My joy, my grief!
 My joy, to share the blessings it bestows;

My grief, to wail an hard, ungrateful heart,
 'Midst glaring miracles ungrateful still!
 Forgetful of the hand, that bounty pours,
 My treach'rous bosom often is inclin'd
 To fide, rebellious, with my veriest foe.
 Oft this my languid soul in gloom immerse,
 And chearing hope's sweet, silver beams absorb;
 Awhile absorb'd, and disembogu'd again.
 So kind all-pitying heav'n supports me still,
 That, tho' dark doubts the gloomy night be-
 cloud,
 Sweet comfort's bloomy rays at morn return,
 And tranquil joy's irradiating smile
 Spreads heart-felt quiet o'er my chearful soul:
 Not such as that, when earth my wishes bound;
 When wanton fancy tipp'd her wings with gold,
 And shot a meteor-radiance thro' my breast,
 That blaz'd this moment, and the next expir'd:
 But joys sublime, on heav'nly ground matur'd,
 And

And lasting as the regions, where they bloom;
 Blest food of angels, heav'n's ambrosial feast,
 Where grows desire eternal, as they feed.
 But, O! should my vile taste, by dust-born joys
 Deprav'd, forsake this fount of living streams,
 To drink the stagnate, squalid dregs of time;
 Or leave the bloom of those eternal hills,
 Again to batten on earth's baneful weeds:
 The thought how horrid! but the deed how dire!
 Forbid it heav'n; nor let a doom like this,
 With vengeance laden, crush this hapless head!
 Better in bondage ever to remain,
 Than, once with freedom blest, again enslav'd.
 The rescu'd wretch, from dungeon-darkness
 From stench unwholesome, and from vapours ^{freed,}
 Whose coarse-fed senses have again been cheer'd ^{foul,}
 With flow'ry verdage, and with od'rous gales,
 When dragg'd again, by justice' rigid hand,

To former bondage, feels feverer woe.

O'er this dark picture how I sighing por'd,
And view'd the distant wreck of ev'ry hope;
On wild temptation's boist'rous billows wreck'd,
And cast again on what my soul abhors!

How long the gloomy track to yonder shore,
Where rest eternal pays the pilgrim's toil,
And spiteful foes, malignant, never rage!
'Tis there to reach my panting pow'rs aspire,
And ev'ry wish expands its swelling sail.
But o'er the ample gulph of time to cast
The anxious eye, to that triumphant hour,
When weary souls ascend the starry step,
That leads them shouting to the shores of bliss:
To view the road, with tribulation strew'd,
And thick'ning perils all encircled round;

There

There wrapt in gloom, and there with dangers
 And oft the trav'lers, with impeded feet,
 Deep plung'd amid the mire, that clogs the road :
 While luring baits, in friendship's garb disguis'd,
 Pretending kindness, spread on ev'ry side,
 Again t' inveigle, and seduce me back :
 Now woo'd, now jeer'd ; then scorn'd, and then
 And ev'ry study'd art incessant try'd, ^{revil'd ;}
 To tear the pinions from my rising hope,
 And cast me growling in the dust again.
 Nor these alone : Worse ills of worse assaults,
 With pois'nous influence, blast my comfort's
 A thousand traitors haunt my wretched heart, ^{bloom.}
 Within me nurs'd, within my bosom hugg'd ;
 Oft trait'rous to my peace ; seductive oft,
 To lead me devious from my Shepherd's care,
 O'er sin's wild waste, to shades of guilty woe ;
 Where the keen, pungent dagger of remorse,
 With

With sharp sensation, stabs my suff'ring peace,
And smooth tranquillity to storm disturbs.

A scene like this, dark, dangerous, and wild,
No wonder, deep in gloom my soul immerg'd.
My visual rays, like NOAH's wand'ring dove,
Travers'd the gloomy passage o'er and o'er;
But found no refuge for their jaded beams.
Uncertainty's outstretch'd, obscure abyss
Abforb'd the hope of ev'ry future ken.

By nature's course, how many rolling suns
Must speed their bright, diurnal journeys round,
'Till on my soul the SUN of glory beams;
If on my soul it ever may arise!
Perhaps, when half-way thro' this howling wild
My weary feet, with painful step, have reach'd,
My dastard heart may tire amid the way;

And,

And, after ev'ry pain and toil 'endur'd,
May never reach the long-pursu'd repose.

Thus wail'd the gloomy sonnet of my fears;
And teeming doubts increas'd the growing
'Till, sweeter far than pardon to the ^{gloom:} doom'd,
Or to the captive freedom from his thrall,
A voice divine thus charm'd my ravish'd ear.

“ 'Till life's last hour, thy trembling step I'll
“ Nor, in thy silver age, † forsake thee ^{guide;} then.

“ 'Twas I first taught thy vital pow'rs to move;

“ And still with motion fill the vivid springs:

“ Nor thro' this desert shalt thou be forlorn,

“ Tho' all around thee desolation lours;

“ For countless ills shall countless succours find.

“ My hand shall lead thee, and my pow'r uphold,

“ Until thy soul her dusty clog forsake,

“ And

“ And ev’ry danger in thy tomb expire. ”

Swift as the shades before the morn’s bright eye,
The lurid prospect vanish’d from my view:
Smooth tranquil spread agian her placid wings,
And cloudless peace and joy unrival’d reign’d.

By heav’n how aggrandiz’d the lapsed race,
Restor’d by grace, to more than lost restor’d;
Whose heads around th’ eternal SIRE extends
The all-protecting pinions, plum’d with love,
Beneath whose shelter safety ever dwells!

How wond’rous back the wond’ring eye to
roll,
Ere the bright worlds their destin’d rounds
were taught,
Or yon blue pavement sprent with astral beams,
And view (astounding retrospect!) that flame,
Within the bosom of creation’s KING,
Eternal glowing, ere the planets blaz’d!

Fix’d

Fix'd on desertless, fix'd on rebel hate;
 And endless life the gift, where death is due!
 Of deaths the worst, severe, ineffable,
 By love ineffable for ever foil'd!
 That love divine (my everlasting prop;
 Amid the darkest gloom, a guiding ray;
 When ev'ry refuge fails, a succour still;)

First made this deathless spark obey his word,
 And into being wake my embryo clay:
 Then, from the spoils of nature's spreading
 Tho' plung'd in central darkness, drew me forth;
 When all imbu'd in foulest, filthiest stains,
 Wash'd the deep tarnish, and illum'd my night.
 Nor have my feeble steps abandon'd been,
 From day to day, from night to night, upheld;
 By pow'r divine upheld, th' eternal shield,
 At which the bark of envy howls in vain;
 In vain to injure, tho' it oft annoys:

For, fav'd from ev'ry ill, from ev'ry snare,
(That prov'd incentive to my loit'ring feet,)
I reach'd that awful, solemn, pleasing hour,
Whose mem'ry ever yields a fighting joy,
When, with a happy heav'n-devoted few,
(That dar'd beneath IMMANUEL's banner
Dar'd to be wise, by heav'nly wisdom ^{tread} taught,
And nobly follow where a GOD had led;) ^{tread}
I trod the path, which *Sion's* lowly LORD,
With meekly majesty, before had trod.
Nor whim, nor caprice urg'd my willing feet;
Nor idle custom's empty voice impell'd;
But lov'd obedience to the sov'reign will,
By heav'n implanted in my yielding heart.
Taught by the mandate of his sacred word,
The way I once disdain'd I now pursu'd.

The fight how pleasing, 'midst a gazing world,
 That down the steep of ruin headlong drives,
 To see life's op'ning bloom an off'ring made,
 And tott'ring age its scanty hour devote
 To heav'ns great, glorious, everlasting KING!
 Avow their choice, to lift'ning earth avow,
 And dare to tell the world, they die to sin;
 Die to the luring captor's fatal pow'r,
 Tho' long the vassals of his lordly sway,
 And rise the subjects of a nobler king;
 Reckless of scorn, the senseless laugh of fools,
 That, as the empty wind, unheeded sounds!

Ye much-lov'd trav'lers in the same dear road,
 Immer'd beneath the same surrounding wave,
 And in the same translucent grave entomb'd;
 Oft, trembling, let us to that hour recur,
 Its awful import, and its solemn vows;

Vows made on earth, and heard in yonder heav'n :
 For heav'n that day our protestations heard;
 Beheld us vow allegiance to his reign,
 Allegiance full, and other lords disclaim.
 O! may we never henceforth traitors prove;
 But firm and fix'd allegiance still maintain!
 For, should these hapless feet incautious stray
 Again thro' sin's dark paths of guilt and woe,
 Contempt must pour on heav'n's most darling
 And could we then, with hearts unbleeding, hear ^{cause.}
 That dear, dear name in vile derision toss'd,
 And made of impious scoffers the disdain?
 That theme, that strings the angel harps with
 Revil'd, traduc'd, and made the butt of scorn? ^{love,}
 Black detestation wrap the horrid thought,
 And make it loathsome ever to behold!
 And ye, dear partners of a better hope,
 With equal horror, tremble at the view.

Blest

Blest band of heav'n's distinguish'd, happy
 choice!
 That hour in recognition yet how sweet!

There my LUCINDA, with the favour'd race,
 The dear co-partner of my sighs and smiles,
 Avow'd obedience to the KING of kings.

CORDELIA too a scoffing age disdain'd,
 And, taught by heav'n, to heav'n her *all* devoted;
 Trac'd thro' the wave her SAVIOUR's shining
 step,
 And, led by love, to love the tribute paid.

Happy CLARISSA! happy CORDELIA too!
 Of each how worthy, and in each how blest!
 How vast a debt, immense, to you I owe!
 And yet in gratitude how beggar'd too!
 Long with descending blessings be ye crown'd,
 'Till 'midst the seas of bliss your souls rejoin!

There

There MYRON too conjoin'd the heav'n-led
 From ruin rescu'd, there his choice declar'd.^{train;}
 Those giddy feet, that once spontaneous mov'd,
 In vile obedience to his worst of foes,
 With happy speed now post to *Sion's* hill.

STATIRA too, in life's young budding hour,
 There came, the candidate of endless joy:
 And IPHIGENE, in youth's expanded bloom,
 First lov'd by heav'n, in love his will obey'd.
 There happy souls, in bands connubial ty'd,
 Espoused pairs, in double ties were bound:
 And those endear'd by nature, in one womb
 Sustain'd, in dearer kindred there were join'd.
 Nor youth too soon, nor age too late conceiv'd,
 To tread the path a SAVIOUR deign'd to mark;
 Nor with indiff'rence held what heav'n enjoind.

But,

How oft the ruling hand of heav'n is veil'd
 In deep, inscrutable, mysterious gloom,
 To mortal ken in unpierc'd cloud involv'd!
 But in DORINDA mark the guiding hand,
 That shone unclouded, with compassion cloath'd.
 Her soul, beneath a sinking load of fears,
 How many rolling years unfix'd remain!
 Toss'd up and down in doubt's unsettled scale,
 Now fears prevail'd, and now obedience urg'd;
 And seldom found her timid heart repose.
 Heav'n saw with pity her perturbed breast,
 Dispell'd her gloom, her wav'ring will confirm'd,
 And led her joyful thro' the long-wish'd hour:
 Then, sipping once † of *Sion's* hallow'd streams,
 That flow with scanty emanation here,

Was

† She partook but once of the memorials of her dying SAVIOUR: For, in less than five weeks after she was baptized, she was taken from the church below to the triumphant courts above.

Was borne exulting to th' exhaustless fount,
 Where everlasting plenitude abounds;
 Forsook her seat in these sublunar courts,
 To fill her mansion near her Father's throne,
 No more to leave, 'till endless years expire.

ETERNITY! the vast, stupendous thought!
 And, more stupendous still! my little bark,
 Tho' weak and feeble, must the deep explore;
 Explore th' unfathomable, boundless deep!

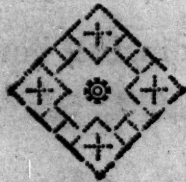
Thou dear IMMANUEL, rock of all my
 Conduct and guide my wav'ring, doubtful step,
 Thro' life's inhospitable, desert wild:
 Protect and shield me from infernal foes,
 Nor let the baits of sin allure my soul
 To tread forbidden paths, where ruin dwells:
 But thro' this gloomy vale, with perils throng'd,

K

Lead

Lead and direct me to the shores of rest;
 To thy blest bosom, seat of endless bliss,
 Where grief, care, woe, and sin shall never come.

F I N I S.



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DM